at all, "and furthermore I don't think you could get them passed except by the methods you are using."

A bad gleam came into the Governor's eye.

"What methods do you mean?" he demanded.

"I mean you're using your patronage."

It was not the kind of a charge that Governor Wilson cared to debate. He rose to his feet, his eyes flaming, and pointed to the door.

"Good day, Mr. Nugent," he said; "good day."

"You're no gentleman," cried the boss, as he stumbled toward the door.

"I don't think you're any judge," responded the Governor, and settled himself to work again as if nothing had happened.

In twenty-four hours the news had traveled through the State that Woodrow Wilson, the college professor and political theorist, had kicked the boss of New Jersey through his office door.

THERE is a Biblical injunction that bids a man beware when all men speak well of him. If President Wilson read the newspapers at the time of his inauguration—particularly if he remembered the newspapers at the time of President Taft's inauguration and what happened to Taft afterward—he must have been a bit troubled by that verse. For eighteen months Mr. Wilson and his administration went their quiet ways, with comparatively little criticism. The record of those months has been pretty well overshadowed in popular memory by the events in Europe and Mexico, but it is a record worth noting.

In those months this legislation was placed on the statute books, in accordance with the promise of the platform:

A revision of the tariff.
The Federal Reserve Bank Law.
The income tax.
The Clayton Anti-Trust Act.
The Alaska Railroad Bill.
The repeal of the Panama Canal Tolls Bill.

Since then there have been added the act creating the Trade Commission; the Rural Credits Act; and the National Child Labor Bill.

He has had no "Wilson program." All of these things were promised in the platform of 1912, except the Child Labor Act, which is promised in the platform of 1916. When Senators in his party have balked he has simply pointed to the platform. When ladies have demanded his support, when business men have wanted to know why Congress was not doing something to meet this or that condition created by the war, his answer has been that he was engaged in making good on the promises already given. His is a "single-track" mind. You may doubt its wisdom or its ability, but those who want to know how it will act in the next four years need not be in any doubt. It will go forward along the lines of the Democratic platform—patiently, toilfully turning that platform into law.

Had it not been for Mexico and the European War there would be little question about the outcome of the next election. For the first time in America we are to have a Presidential campaign wherein foreign affairs will overshadow all other issues. Our old-time isolation is lost: the steamship and the cable have moved our snug old house up into the very same block with England and Germany, and have put Mexico into our very back yard.

Mr. Hughes recognized this in his speech of acceptance. Except for his attack on those appointments of the President which were inspired by Mr. Bryan and some of the other members of his Cabinet, almost his whole charge was delivered against the administration's conduct of foreign affairs.

The President, if one may accept the testimony of his close friends in Washington, is not perturbed by these charges. His own conscience, they say, is perfectly clear. No matter how his course may look from the standpoint of his opponents, from where he sits it looks like a perfectly straight, consistent line.

In the case of Germany, they ask: "What would you have done? Would you have declared war? To have done so would have exposed every American ship and every American traveler on the seas to attack; it would have cost us blood and money: and what would it have accomplished more than has been accomplished? Germany has been forced to surrender the submarine as an instrument against commerce; and will be forced to make reparation for the wrongs she has done. Against England's high-handed actions on the seas vigorous protest has and is being made. No American right has been surrendered: American lives are now safe on the seas in the midst of the world's greatest cataclysm: *and we have kept out of war.*"

This is the answer of the President's friends on the European questions, and they conclude it by reiterating: "What would you have done?"

On Mexico I thought as I talked with them that they are a bit more sensitive. Yet even here they contend that the President has had a perfectly consistent policy from which he has not swerved.

Immediately after his inauguration, they say, he received a direct intimation from Central America that the Democratic party was looked on down there as being the party of insurgency. The word had gone out through those countries that now, while the Democrats are in, is the time to stir things up. Nobody will object. The party of Roosevelt is out: a new party is in. Come on, boys!

In order to correct those impressions at once, the President announced to the world in general and to Central American revolutionists in particular, that he would recognize no man in any country who came up to power as the result of a revolution selfishly engineered.

And having made that announcement he glanced over at Mexico and beheld who? Mr. Huerta! *There* was an immediate test of the sincerity of his announcement: the President met it squarely. He not only refused to recognize Mr. Huerta, but he sent our ships and troops to Vera Cruz, not to get a salute for the flag, but to force Huerta out.

SINCE then there has been chaos and bloodshed and destruction of property. But no more chaos, no more destruction, say the President's friends, than the French endured in winning their change of government. The great fundamental on which America stands, they say, is that every people has the right to determine its own form of government and to work out its own salvation. The President's effort has been to determine what the Mexican people really want and to aid the leader that seems most nearly to embody the popular yearning and demand. When it seemed that Villa was that leader, the President supported Villa. When Carranza showed himself superior in leadership and organization, and became the titular head of the Constitutionalists, he transferred his support to Carranza.

The succeeding months have tried the President's patience sorely, but he has stood firm. He believes that slowly but surely the Mexican people are working toward peace and stability. He believes that the people of the United States are firm against intervention, and that intervention would mean occupation for many years, and good-by to our hope of friendship and respect and trade with all Latin-American countries, good-by to Pan America.

This is the answer of the President's friends on Mexico; and again they ask: "What would *you* have done?"

ONE more fact about the President—his "isolation." He is probably the most difficult man in the world to-day to see. There are Congressmen and Senators in Washington, many of them, who have never once succeeded in getting a minute's interview with him in all his four years. In this he stands in special contrast to Mr. Roosevelt, who had a marvelous facility in handling a crowd of visitors without tiring himself or getting in the way of his work. The country, I think, has somewhat resented the thought of its President closeted alone, without confidants, settling the destinies of the nation behind a locked door.

I think the President has been conscious of that feeling and has regretted it. Yet his "isolation" is something for which he is not really responsible.

Mr. O. G. Villard, in a recent article, recalled the experience of Paul Lidau, the novelist, who was a visitor to Washington during Grover Cleveland's administration. A friend who met him on the street one day asked him if he would like to meet the President. Lidau was delighted. He would go home at once, he said, and get into a dress suit.

"Not necessary, not necessary," said his friend. "Come along."

So they walked over to the White House, past one sleepy-looking policeman, and into the office of the President's secretary.

"Hello," said that gentleman. "Want to see the President? Sure. Go right upstairs. You'll find him in his study."

Those days are gone. Not because the President does not want to meet the people as informally as any President ever did, but simply because of the almost unbelievable pressure of work that crowds upon the President's time and strength.

Friends of Mr. Wilson say that the thing that troubles him most is not criticism, not foreign affairs, but the oppressive consciousness that he is every day deciding in an instant matters that really deserve the consideration of a week.

Once, to a group of newspaper men, he unbosomed himself:

"I tremble to think of the variety and falseness of the impressions I make—and it is borne in on me so that it may change my very disposition—that I am a cold and removed person, who has a thinking machine inside, which he adjusts to the circumstances, which he does not allow to be moved by any winds of affection or emotion of any kind, but turns like a cold search-light on anything that is presented to his attention and makes it work.

"I am not aware of having any detachable apparatus inside of me. On the contrary, if I were so to interpret myself I would say that my constant embarrassment is to restrain the emotions that are inside me. . . .

"I am listening, I am diligently trying to collect all the brains that are borrowable, in order that I may not make any more blunders than it is inevitable a man should make who has great limitations of knowledge and capacity. And the emotion of the thing is so great that I suppose I must have some kind of mask to cover it. . . .

"If you calculated the number of blunders a fellow can make in twenty-four hours if he is not careful and if he does not listen more than he talks, you would see something of the feeling that I have."

There, in a few words, is Woodrow Wilson, twenty-eighth President of the United States, as he would like to be seen by his countrymen—as he sees himself.

The Best $1 Idea of the Week

WE were traveling in Paris, my wife and I and the baby. The baby, two years old, had pretty curls, but weighed an appreciable part of a ton to carry.

Ah, the long boulevards, oh, the miles of art gallery! Even the patent collapsible runabout was impossible. Alas, how my arms ached! There was no joy in life, no art, no music, no charm, no Paris—only one big baby on my arm, getting heavier every minute.

I saw mothers toiling with like burdens, sometimes other fathers, often little sisters—my heart ached for their arm-ache.

Then flashed my 25-cent thought—my valise strap.

My arm ached because the baby's weight fell on the arm, not on the shoulder. Here is my idea:

Buckle the strap, making an adjustable loop. Put baby on whichever arm you choose; slip the strap loop over the *opposite* shoulder and then around the wrist of the baby-freighted arm. Presto! the weight is placed on the shoulder, both hands are free to use, the ache is gone, life returns, you boldly step forth and walk a dozen miles: for now your yoke is easy and your burden is light.

Try it on the next baby.

EDITOR'S NOTE: As we now have in our office something like 2000 dollar ideas still awaiting judgment, we have decided to discontinue temporarily the $1 Idea Contest.

We shall go on, week by week, publishing the best dollar ideas that have come in to us, and paying for them at the rate of $10 apiece on publication. We shall not return the letters that we do not use.

As soon as our supply of available dollar ideas begins to run short, the renewal of the contest will be announced in the magazine.

In a number of instances the same idea has been sent to us from half a dozen different sources. When the idea is available, we pay the contributor who was the first to submit it to us.